



WHAT TO WEAR TILL THE DOCTOR COMES

Now that you have enrolled and paid your fees and bought your books and found your way around campus and learned to hate your roommate, it is time to turn to the most important aspect of college life. I refer, of course, to clothes.

What does Dame Fashion decree for the coming school year? (Incidentally, Dame Fashion is not, as many people believe, a fictitious character. She was a real Englishwoman who lived in Elizabethan times and, indeed, England is forever in her debt. During the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Dame Fashion—not yet a Dame but a mere, unlettered country lass named Moll Flanders—during the invasion, I say, of the Spanish Armada, this dauntless girl stood on the white cliffs of Dover and turned the tide of battle by rallying the drooping morale of the British fleet with this stirring poem of her own composition:

*Don't be gutless,
Men of Britain.
Swing your collars,
We ain't quittin'.*

*Smash the Spanish
Sink their boats,
Make 'em vanish,
Like a barn
makes oats.*

*For Good
Queen Bess,
Dear sir,
you gotta
Make a mess
of that Armada.*

*You won't fail!
Knock 'em flat!
Then we'll drink ale
And stuff like that.*

As a reward for these inspirational verses Queen Elizabeth dubbed her a Dame, made her Poet Laureate, and gave her

the Western Hemisphere except Duluth. But this was not the extent of Dame Fashion's service to Queen and country. In 1589 she invented the laying hen, and was awarded a lifetime pass to Chavez Ravine. But she was not to end her days in glory. In 1591, alas, she was arrested for overtime jousting and imprisoned for thirty years in a butt of malmsey. This later became known as Guy Fawkes Day.)

But I digress. Let us get back to campus fashions. Certain to be the rage again this year is the cardigan (which, curiously enough, was named after Lord Cardigan, who commanded the English fleet against the Spanish Armada. The sweater is only one product of this remarkable Briton's imagination. He also invented the glottal stop, the gerund, and the eyelid, without which winking, as we know it today, would not be possible.)

But I digress. The cardigan, I say, will be back, which is, I believe, cause for



rejoicing. Why? Because the cardigan has nice big pockets in which to carry your Marlboro Cigarettes—and that, good friends, is ample reason for celebration as all of you will agree who have enjoyed Marlboro's fine, comfortable, mellow flavor and Marlboro's filter. So why don't you slip into your cardigan and tie yourself to your tobaccoist for some good Marlboro's? They come in soft pack or flip-top box. Cardigans come in pink for girls and blue for boys.

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Cardigans or pullovers—it's a matter of taste . . . And so is Marlboro a matter of taste—the best taste that can possibly be achieved by experienced growers and blenders—by science, diligence, and tender loving care. Try a pack.